

## "WHO TOUCHED ME?"

DR. TALMAGE ON CHRIST AND THE INVALID WOMAN.

The Sensitive Character of Jesus Christ Unveiled from the Text by the Eloquent Brooklyn Preacher—A Story from St. Mark.

BROOKLYN, May 31, 1893.—Rev. Dr. Talmage to-day chose for the subject of his discourse, the inquiry addressed by the Saviour to those who surrounded him, when the invalid woman having touched his garment, he asked, "Who Touched Me?" Mark 5: 31.

A great crowd of excited people bowing each other this way and that, and Christ in the midst of the commotion. They were on the way to see him restore to complete health a dying person. Some thought that he could effect the cure, others that he could not. At any rate it would be an interesting experiment. A very sick woman of twelve years' invalidism is in the crowd. Some say her name was Martha, others say it was Veronica. I do not know what her name was; but this is certain, she had tried all styles of cure. Every shelf of her humble home had medicines on it. She had employed many of the doctors of that time, when medical science was more rude and rough and ignorant than we can imagine in this time, when the word physician or surgeon stands for potent and educated skill. Prof. Lightfoot gives a list of what he supposes may have been the remedies she had applied. I suppose she had been blistered from head to foot, and had tried the compress, and had used all styles of astringent herbs, and she had been mauled and hacked and cut and lacerated until life to her was a plague. Beside that, the Bible indicates her doctors' bills had run up frightfully, and she had paid money for medicines and for surgical attendance and for hygienic apparatus until her purse was as exhausted as her body.

What, poor woman, are you doing in that jostling crowd? Better go home and to bed and nurse your disorders. No! Wan and wasted and faint she stands there, her face distorted with suffering, and ever and anon biting her lip with some acute pain, and sobbing until her tears fall from the hollow eye upon the faded dress; only able to stand because the crowd is so close to her pushing her this way and that. Stand back! Why do you crowd that poor body? Have you no consideration for a dying woman? But just at that time the crowd parts and this invalid comes almost up to Christ; but she is behind him and his human eye does not take her in. She has heard so much about his kindness to the sick, and she does not feel so wretched, she thinks if she can just touch him once it will do her good. She will not touch him on the sacred head, for that might be irreverent. She will not touch him on the hand, for that might seem too familiar. She says: "I will, I think, touch him on his coat, not on the top of it, or on the bottom of the main fabric, but on the border, the blue border, the long threads of the fringe of that blue border; there can be no harm in that. I don't think he will hurt me, I have heard so much about him. Beside that, I can stand this no longer. Twelve years of suffering have worn me out. This is my last hope." And she presses through the crowd still further and reaches for Christ, but cannot quite touch him. She pushes still further through the crowd and kneels and puts her finger to the edge of the blue fringe of the border. She just touches it. Quick as an electric shock there thrilled back into her shattered nerves and shrunken veins and exhausted arteries and panting lungs and withered muscles, health, beautiful health, rubicund health, God-given and complete health. The twelve years' march of pain and pang and suffering over suspension bridge of nerve and through tunnel of lone instantly halted.

Christ recognizes somehow that magnetic and healthful influence through the medium of the blue fringe of his garment had shot out. He turns and looks upon that excited crowd, and starts them with the interrogatory of my text: "Who touched me?" The insolent crowd in substance replied, "How do we know? You get in a crowd like this and you must expect to be jostled. You ask us a question you know we cannot answer." But the roseate and rejuvenated woman came up and knelt in front of Christ and told of the touch, and told of the restoration, and Jesus said: "Daughter, thy faith hath made thee whole. Go in peace." So Mark gives us a dramatization of the Gospel. Oh, what a doctor Christ is! In every one of our households may he be the family physician.

Notice that there is no addition of help to others without subtraction of power from ourselves. The context says that as soon as this woman was healed, Jesus felt that virtue or strength had gone out of him. No addition of help to others without subtraction from ourselves. Did you never get tired for others? Have you never risked your health for others? Have you never preached a sermon, or delivered an exhortation, or offered a burning prayer, and then felt afterward that strength had gone out of you? Then you have never imitated Christ.

Are you curious to know how that garment of Christ should have wrought such a cure for this suppliant invalid? I suppose that Christ was surcharged with vitality. You know that diseases may be conveyed from city to city by garments as in case of epidemic, and so I suppose that garments may be surcharged with health. I suppose that Christ had such physical magnetism that it permeated all his robe down to the last thread on the border of the

blue fringe. But in addition to that there was a divine thrill, there was a miraculous potency, there was an omnipotent therapeutics without which this twelve years' invalid would not have been instantly restored.

Now, if omnipotence cannot help others without depletion, how can we ever expect to bless the world without self-sacrifice? A man who gives to some Christian object until he feels it, a man who in his occupation or profession overworks that he may educate his children, a man who on Sunday night goes home, all his nervous energy wrung out by active service in church, or Sabbath School, or city evangelization, has imitated Christ, and the strength has gone out of him. A mother who robs herself of sleep in behalf of a sick-cradle, a wife who bears up cheerfully under domestic misfortune that she may encourage her husband in the combat against disaster, a woman who by hard saving and earnest prayer and good counsel, wisely given, and many years devoted to rearing her family for God and usefulness and Heaven, and who has nothing to show for it but premature gray hairs and a profusion of deep wrinkles, is like Christ, and strength has gone out of her. That strength or virtue may have gone out through a garment she has made for the home, that strength may have gone out through the sock you knit for the barefooted destitute, that strength may go out through the mantle hung up in some closet after you are dead. So a crippled child sat every morning on her father's front step so that when the kind Christian teacher passed by to school she might take hold of her dress and let the dress slide through her pale fingers. She said it helped her pain so much and made her so happy all the day. Aye, have we not in all our dwellings garments of the departed, a touch of which thrills us through and through, the life of those who are gone thrilling through the life of those who stay? But mark you the principle I evolve from this subject. No addition of health to others unless there be a subtraction of strength from ourselves. He felt that strength had gone out of him.

Notice also in this subject a Christ sensitive to human touch. We talk about God on a vast scale so much we hardly appreciate his accessibility, God in magnitude rather than God in minutiae, God in the infinite rather than God in the infinitesimal; but here in my text we have a God arrested by a suffering touch. When in the sham trial of Christ they struck him on the cheek we can realize how that cheek tingled with pain. When under the scourging the rod struck the shoulders and back of Christ, we can realize how we must have writhed under the lacerations. But here there is a sick and nerveless finger that just touches the long threads of the blue fringe of his coat, and he looks around and says, "Who touched me?"

We talk about sensitive people, but Christ was the impersonation of all sensitiveness. The slightest stroke of the smallest finger of human disability makes all the nerves of his head and heart and hand and feet vibrate. It is not a stolid Christ, not a phlegmatic Christ, not a preoccupied Christ, not a hard Christ, not an iron-cased Christ, but an exquisitely sensitive Christ that my text unveils. All the things that touch us touch Him, if by the hand of prayer we make the connecting line between him and ourselves complete. Mark you, this invalid of the text might have walked through that crowd all day and cried about her suffering, and no relief would have come if she had not touched him. When in your prayer you lay your hand on Christ, you touch all the sympathies of an ardent and glowing and responsive nature.

You know that in telegraphy there are two currents of electricity. So when you put out your hand of prayer to Christ there are two currents—a current of sorrow rolling out from your heart to Christ, and a current of commiseration rolling from the heart of Christ to you. Two currents. Oh, why do you go unhelped? Why do you go wondering about this and wondering about that? Why do you not touch him?

Are you sick? I do not think you are any worse off than this invalid of the text. Have you had a long struggle? I do not think it has been more than twelve years. Is your case hopeless? So was this of which my text is the diagnosis and prognosis. "Oh," you say, "there are so many things between me and God." There was a whole mob between this individual and Christ. She pressed through and I guess you can press through.

Is your trouble a home trouble? Christ shows himself especially sympathetic with questions of domesticity, as when at the wedding in Cana he alleviated a housekeeper's predicament, as when tears rushed forth at the broken home of Mary and Martha and Lazarus. Men are sometimes ashamed to weep. There are men who if the tears start will conceal them. They think it is unmanly to cry. They do not seem to understand it is manliness and evidence of a great heart. I am afraid of a man who does not know how to cry. The Christ of the text was not ashamed to cry over human misfortune. Look at that deep lake of tears opened by the two words of the evangelist: "Jesus wept!" Behold Christ on the only day of his early triumph marching on Jerusalem, the glittering domes obliterated by the blinding rain of tears in his eyes and on his cheek; for when he beheld the city he wept over it; O man of many trials, O woman of the heartbreak, why do you not touch him?

"Oh," says some one, "Christ don't care for me. Christ is looking the other way. Christ has the vast affairs of his kingdom to look after. He has the armies of sin to overthrow, and there are so many worse cases of trouble than mine he doesn't care for me, and his face is turned the other

way." So his back was turned to this invalid of the text. He was on his way to effect a cure which was famous and popular and wide-resounding. But the context says, "He turned him about." If he was facing the North he turned to the South; if he was facing to the East he turned to the West. What turned him about? The Bible says he has no shadow of turning. He rides on his chariot through eternities. He marches on crushing sceptres as though they were the cracking alders on a brook's bank, and tossing thrones on either side of him without stopping to look which way they fall. From everlasting to everlasting. "He turned him about." He whom all the allied armies of hell cannot stop a minute or divert an inch, by the wan sick, nerveless finger of human suffering turned clear about.

Oh, what comfort there is in this subject for people who are called nervous. Of course it is a misapplied word in that case, but I use it in the ordinary parlance. After twelve years of suffering, oh, what nervous depression she must have had. You all know that a good deal of medicine taken if it does not cure leaves the system exhausted, and in the Bible in so many words she "had suffered many things of many physicians, and was nothing bettered, but rather grew worse." She was as nervous as nervous could be. She knew all about insomnia and about the awful apprehension of something going to happen, and irritability about little things that in health would not have perturbed her. I warrant you it was not a straight stroke she gave to the garment of Christ, but a trembling forearm, and an uncertain motion of the hand, and a quivering finger with which she missed the mark toward which she aimed. She did not touch the garment just where she expected to touch it.

When I see this nervous woman coming to the Lord Jesus Christ, I say she is making the way for all nervous people. Nervous people do not get much sympathy. If a man breaks his arm everybody is sorry, and they talk about it all up and down the street. If a woman has an eye put out by accident, they say: "That's a dreadful thing." Everybody is asking about her convalescence. But when a person is suffering under the ailment of which I am now speaking, they say: "Oh, that's nothing; she's a little nervous, that's all," putting a slight upon the most agonizing of suffering.

Now, I have a new prescription to give you. I do not ask you to discard human medication. I believe in it. When the slightest thing occurs in the way of sickness in my household, we always run for the doctor. I do not want to despise medicine. If you can not sleep nights, do not despise bromide of potassium; if you have nervous prostration, do not despise morphine. If you want to strengthen up your system, do not despise quinine as a tonic. Use all right and proper medicines. But if you want to, bring your insomnia, and bring your irritability, and bring all your weaknesses, and with them touch Christ. Touch him not only on the hem of his garments, but touch him on the shoulder where he carries our burdens, touch him on the head where he remembers all our sorrows, touch him on the heart, the center of all his sympathies. Oh yes, Paul was right when he said: "We have not a high priest who cannot be touched."

The fact is Christ himself is nervous. All those nights out of doors in malarial districts where an Englishman or an American dies if he goes at certain seasons. Sleeping out of doors so many nights, as Christ did, and so hungry, and his feet wet with the wash of the sea and the wilderness tramp and the persecution and the outrage must have broken down his nervous system; a fact proved by the statement that he lived so short a time on the cross. That is a lingering death ordinarily, and many a sufferer of the cross has writhed in pain twenty-four hours, forty-eight hours. Christ lived only six. Why? He was exhausted before he mounted the bloody tree. Oh, it is a worn-out Christ, sympathetic with all people worn out.

A Christian woman went to the Tract House in New York and asked for tracts for distribution. The first day she was out on her Christian errand she saw a policeman taking an intoxicated woman to the station house. After the woman was discharged from custody, this Christian tract distributor saw her coming away, all unkempt and unlovely. The tract distributor went up, threw her arms around her neck, and kissed her. The woman said, "O, my God, why do you kiss me?" "Well," replied the other, "I think Jesus Christ told me to." "O, no," the woman said, "don't you kiss me; it breaks my heart; nobody has kissed me since my mother died." But that sisterly kiss brought her to Christ, started her on the road to heaven. The world wants sympathy; it is dying for sympathy, large-hearted Christian sympathy. There is omnipotence in the touch. O, I am so glad that when we touch Christ, Christ touches us. The knuckles and the limbs and the joints all falling apart with that living death called the leprosy, a man is brought to Christ. A hundred doctors could not cure him. The wisest surgery would stand appalled before that loathsome patient. What did Christ do? He did not amputate, he did not poultice, he did not scarify. He touched him and he was well. The mother-in-law of the Apostle Peter was in a raging fever; brain fever, typhoid fever, or what, I do not know. Christ was the Physician. He offered no febrifuge. He prescribed no drops. He did not put her on plain diet. He touched her and she was perfectly well. Two blind men came stumbling into a room where Christ is. They are entirely sightless. Christ did not lift the eyelids to see whether it was cataract or ophthalmia. He did not put the men into a dark room for three or four weeks. He touched them and

they saw everything. A man came to Christ. The drum of his ear had ceased to vibrate and he had a stuttering tongue. Christ touched the ear and he heard, touched his tongue and he articulated. There is a funeral coming out of that gate, a widow following her only boy to the grave. Christ cannot stand it, and He puts His hand on the head and the obsequies turn into a resurrection day.

O my brother, I am so glad when we touch Christ with our sorrows he touches us. When out of your grief and vexation you put your hand on Christ, it wakens all human reminiscence. Are we tempted? He was tempted. Are we sick? He was sick. Are we persecuted? He was persecuted. Are we bereft? He was bereft. St. Yoo of Kermartin one morning went out and saw a beggar asleep on his doorstep. The beggar had been all night in the cold. The next night, St. Yoo compelled this beggar to come up in the house and sleep in the saint's bed, while St. Yoo passed the night on the doorstep in the cold. Somebody asked him why that eccentricity. He replied, "It isn't an eccentricity; I want to know how the poor suffer. I want to know their agonies that I may sympathize with them, and therefore I slept on the cold step last night." That is the way Christ knows so much about our sorrows. He slept on the cold doorstep of an inhospitable world that would not let him in. He is sympathetic now with all the suffering and all the tried and all the perplexed. Oh, why do you not go and touch him?

You utter your voice in a mountain path and there come back ten echoes, twenty echoes, thirty echoes perhaps, weird echoes. Every voice of prayer, every ascription of praise, every groan of distress has divine response and celestial reverberation, all of the galleries of heaven are filled with sympathetic echoes, and throngs of ministering angels echo, and the temples of the redeemed echo, and the hearts of God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost echo and re-echo.

I preach a Christ so near you can touch him—touch him with your guilt and get pardon—touch him with your trouble and get comfort—touch him with your bondage and get manumission. You have seen a man take hold of an electric chain. A man can with one hand take one end of the chain and with the other hand he may take hold of the other end of the chain. Then a hundred persons taking hold of that chain will altogether feel the electric power. You have seen the experiment. Well, Christ with one wounded hand takes hold of one end of the electric chain of love, and with the other wounded hand takes hold of the other end of the electric chain of love, and all earthly and angelic beings may lay hold of that chain, and around and around in sublime and everlasting circuit runs the thrill of terrestrial and celestial and brotherly and saintly and cherubic and seraphic and archangelic and divine sympathy. So that if this morning Christ should sweep his hand over this audience and say, "Who touched me?" There would be hundreds and thousands of voices responding: "I! I! I!"

### SO SCIENTISTS SAY.

All the glaciers in the Alps would not equal one of the largest in our territory of Alaska.

The Eastern Gulf coast has the heaviest rains, over sixty inches a year; Arizona and New Mexico the least, less than ten inches.

The shell of the snail is built up from lime in the plants on which it feeds, and the creatures are never found on soil which produces no lime.

S. S. Smith of Westmoreland, Ky., owns a cow that sheds her horns every spring. The cow is a black Jersey, a noted butter maker, and is believed to be the only cow that sheds her horns.

The orange and the lemon are both said to be fatal to the cholera bacillus. Placed in contact with the cut surface of the fruit, the bacteria survive but a few hours. Even on the uninjured rind they die within twenty-four hours at least, so says the imperial health office of Berlin.

Electrical conditions are such in the mountain regions of Colorado that a human being becomes charged with electricity whenever he moves quickly across a carpeted room, and the phenomenon observed by dry, cold weather of electric sparks from the human hand or nose, is of constant occurrence there. It has been discovered that even in that climate the phenomenon occurs frequently in houses built in such manner as to insure dryness and partial insulation.

The application of photography to astronomy has been productive of especially noteworthy results in the discovery of the small bodies which move in orbits between those of Mars and Jupiter. From the observation of the first of these, Ceres, in 1801, until the end of 1891, 321 had been discovered by the laborious method of eye observation. Then photography was brought into the service, and within the last fifteen months no fewer than forty-four of these celestial bodies have been found. Six were found by Prof. Charlois of Nice in the first week of March.

### Sporting Item.

Guide, to city nimrod, who has a spell of nervousness at sight of live deer—What yer trembling about? Got an attack of buck fever?

City Nimrod—No-t-mu-ch-I'm trembling at the narrow escape that deer had.—Texas Siftings.

### VARIOUS PEOPLE.

Christian Joachim Mohn, who has just died at Naples, knew sixty languages.

Francis Murphy's son Tom has got 14,000 Hartford men to sign the temperance pledge.

Ex-Empress Charlotte of Mexico, in her insanity, requires a fresh pair of pearl-gray, two-button kid gloves on rising every morning throughout the year.

Zanzibar's new sultan—the fourth in five years—Hamed Bin Thovain, is, with one exception, the sole survivor of the fifty brothers and sisters of his grandfather.

Miss Sarah Orne Jewett is said to complete her stories mentally before putting them on paper. She always writes in the afternoon, and usually about 3,000 or 4,000 words a day.

The offerings at the papal jubilee, exclusive of plate, jewels, etc., is reported to have amounted to more than \$1,200,000. The duke of Norfolk headed the list with a contribution of \$250,000.

There died in Jamaica, Long Island, recently, Thomas J. Wayne, grand nephew of "Mad Anthony," who bore a striking resemblance to that revolutionary general. Mr. Wayne was 92 years old.

The current year is the centennial of the cotton-gin. Eli Whitney invented it in 1793. It is said to have done more towards the making of the South than any other one thing except the cotton.

The princess of Wales has the portraits of her family and near relatives photographed upon cups and saucers upon the most delicate china. The photograph is done in dull brown. This royal fancy has become the fashion, and portraits look out from all china milk-jugs, cups, teapots, etc.

The late Jules Ferry had a narrow escape from violence at the hands of the Paris commune, to whom he was especially odious. He eluded their pursuit through a church, letting himself down in a basket out of a rear window while the mob was forcing the outer door. The basket fell to the ground with a thud and gave its occupant a severe shaking up.

Richard M. Hunt of New York is the first American to receive the gold medal of Queen Victoria, annually awarded to one whom the council of the Royal Institute of British Architects shall select as the most worthy exponent of their profession. Mr. Hunt probably wins this recognition by his design of the Administration building at the world's fair.

Ferdinand Ward, the New York sharper who has lately completed a term in Sing Sing for defrauding General Grant, is back in New York canvassing for a printing house. It is reported that he will get a small interest in a printing office and become a job printer by trade. He likes the business, and he became an expert printer. Sing Sing taught him what he had never learned before—a trade.

### FEMININE FANCIES.

The "ghost dance" is an evolution of the phantom party.

Mrs. Astor is said to never pay less than \$25 for a pair of shoes.

### Check the First Approach

Of rheumatism, and further attacks may be escaped, if proper precautions against exposure are taken, and there be no hereditary predisposition. Unfortunately, people who ultimately become chronic sufferers, too often neglect the trifling twinges and premonitory stiffness which herald the advent of this agonizing malady. Among the diseases for which Hoggster's Stomach Bitters has been found efficacious this is one, and the medicine being perfectly safe, it is certainly to be preferred to drugs used for its cure, which are frequently useless, and nothing more or less than poison. The substitution of this pleasant and pure blood depurative for medicines inimical to life in a slight overdose, is a measure which may fitly be urged upon persons who desire to obtain relief safely, or who have failed to obtain it from the numerous pseudo remedies for this disease in the market.

A little son of Archie Morean, of Aurora, Ill., died after drinking catarrh medicine for inhalation.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.  
LUCAS COUNTY.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & CO., doing business in the city of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.  
Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1896.

A. W. GLEASON,  
Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials free.  
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